

RURAL REPOSITORY,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

VOLUME XIX.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1843.

NUMBER 22.



TALES

For the Rural Repository.

THE YELLOW ROSE.

Translated from the French,

BY C. H. BARTLETT.

CHAPTER I.

ONE laughing Spring morning, some years since, a young man of fine form and graceful air descended from a Paris coach, at a distance of about two miles from Provins. The place where he alighted was not a village, nor yet entirely uninhabited; for upon the right and left of the road were scattered, every here and there, country houses, surrounded either by park or garden, according to the circumstances of their respective proprietors. Looking around him for a moment or two, the traveler called a youthful peasant near by, and putting a piece of money in his hand, and a traveling bag upon his shoulder, he directed his way to one of the dwellings of which we have spoken. The house was tessellated in the Italian style, and upon each corner was a statue, the whole representing the four seasons of the year, and so arranged that almost any body would have considered their order as exceedingly harmonious; thus—that which represented Spring was upon the eastern corner; Autumn towards the west; Summer to the south, and Winter to the north. And these statues served in no small degree, to guide the stranger through the labyrinth of paths that surrounded the house, and in which, but for them, he would certainly have lost much time in their perplexing circuities. In a few moments however, he arrived before a door guarded by two couching lions made of baked earth, the sight of which seemed to assure him that he had not mistaken the house. Certain, then, of not being mistaken, he wiped the dust from his boots, readjusted his cravat, and passed his

hand through his hair to repair the disorder caused by a night's travel in the coach; in a word, he made a complete, though hasty *toilette* and then rang the door bell.

"Is this the house of M. Simart?" demanded he of a queer looking servant who opened the door.

"Our master has stepped out," replied the rustic, holding by the collar a large black dog, whose aspect was much less pacific than his neighbors, the lions, and who instantly set up a howling that fairly deafened the speakers, and rendered their attempt at conversation quite useless.

At length, out of patience with the noise, the traveler raised his cane, and applied it with the least gentleness in the world over the nose of the barker, who, at so unexpected a correction, sprang from the servant, and for an instant seemed bent on the destruction of the aggressor; but at the sight of the cane, uplifted a second time, he suddenly dropped his ears and tail and retreated into a niche in the wall.

"What has our good Soliman done to you that you beat him?" demanded the servant in a threatening manner. Without replying, the young man took hold of a leather bag, under the weight of which the peasant was bending, and with a sudden jerk threw it into the arms of the astonished rustic.

"If M. Simart is absent conduct me to M. Teissier's chamber, and then go and find him."

A little amazed at the actions of the stranger, the porter obeyed with a deal of grumbling, and to give vent to his ill humor, in passing the niche in which was the dog, he kicked him with all his force; but the animal, attacked in his retreat, made a furious sortie and converted the servant's dress coat in an instant into a roundabout.

"Thunder!" cried the porter, "Mademoiselle Celestine protects that thief of a dog, and one must let himself be devoured or lose his place. I wish your cane had broken his head."

"Ah!" said the traveller to himself, "Mlle. Celestine loves the dog—but how goes that with Teissier, who hates them? Bah! but love can work miracles!"

Crossing the hall, the young man ascended a pair of stairs and arriving at the end of another hall, the servant pointed to a door which he opened without ceremony. The first object that met his view was a man seated at a secretary, his elbows resting upon the desk, and his forehead supported by his hands, while a pen ornamented his ear. He was deeply musing, as his eyes seemed steadfastly fixed upon a book the pages of which were covered with all kinds of scribbles, blots and scrawls.

"Oh! is it you?" said the pensive personage, raising his head, "I was waiting for you.—Nicholas put the bag in the corner and leave us."

"It is I, myself," replied the traveler, as soon as the servant was gone. "I am come at your summons, and am ready to hold the matrimonial canopy over your head; but when are you to be married?"

"I believe the contract is to be signed to-morrow," said Teissier, with a mournful air.

"You believe so! are you not sure of it?" But, continued he, "I ought not to be surprised; with your irresolute disposition, did you ever know what you would do on the morrow?"

"My dear Dramond seat yourself and we will talk. You see me in the most perplexing position that a man can find himself. When I announced to you that I was going to marry Mlle. Simart, I was in a fit of enthusiasm; I saw the future through one of those prisms, whose dazzling colors throw a glowing tint upon the dull, spiritless face of reality."

"In plain words you mean to say you have seen the other side of the medal—well what was there?"

"*Le diable!*" cried Teissier grinding with his teeth the quill he had taken from his ear."

"Are you speaking of Mlle. Simart?" asked Dramond laughing.

"Speak lower, the walls might have ears."

"Are we in the palace of Nero then? Come place your chair here before mine, and I will listen to you; but for a moment hear me: I will lay a wager that I know in advance what you are going to complain of—you have found a deficit in the dowry."

"Quite to the contrary; Mlle. Celestine brings me six thousand pounds revenue, and her father promises her as much more, whereas, I had not expected more than nine or ten thousand in all."

"Then you have discovered something disgraceful to the family, a fool, a suicide or something of this kind?"

"Oh fye! the Simarts and Valonnes are the most respectable and honorable families in the whole province."

"Perhaps you have perceived that the corset maker of Mlle. Simart, assists by her art to obviate some little deformities."

"What a profanation! Look at yonder poplar waving in the wind, and you can imagine her form."

"You have found that some handsome cousin has made a little deeper impression upon her heart than you have."

"She has no more cousins than the sheep in the fable had brothers; and I am sure she has never loved anybody."

"Except Soliman."

"You know Soliman! exclaimed Teissier, "did he bite you?"

"No, but I thumped him."

"May heaven reward you! Ah, this time you have put your finger upon the sore. That cursed animal is the cause of all my troubles."

"How so?"

"You know I detest beasts in general, and dogs in particular. This one undoubtedly read as much in my face, for ever since my arrival he has given evidence of a deadly hate, in losing no opportunity of springing upon me and leaving the marks of his teeth in my flesh. The first time I

smiled, the next I frowned, and the third time I demanded that Soliman should be confined to his kennel. M. Simart would willingly have granted my request, but Mlle. Celestine took Soliman's part and reproached me with having a wish to deprive the dog of his liberty without reason, and of being hard-hearted, passionate and inhuman; this quarrel lasted a week; every day it was renewed and drew in its train a thousand animated discussions, which I sought in vain to avoid. In fine, this infernal Soliman has become a stumbling block in the way of my marriage—if he barked, only—but curse him, he bites!"

"How foolish!" said Dramond shrugging his shoulders. "You are risking your fortune in this silly quarrel. Under these circumstances, is not your course of conduct very plain? Give Soliman sweet crackers until the wedding day, and on the morrow let a bullet send him to join his ancestors."

"I have thought of it, and in this view, the case is not incurable. But I am plunged into an ocean of doubts and apprehensions by the conduct of Mlle. Celestine in this matter. You know one's disposition is revealed more fully by small affairs than by great ones. The quickness of temper, spirit of contradiction, irritability, and even anger, evidences of which she has not spared for some days past, have caused me, I must say, some alarming reflections upon my future happiness. If she is thus before the honey moon, what will she be after?"

"You believe her untractable?"

"No, but as capricious, wayward and unreasonable as a spoiled child can be. You will see her, and then you can say whether I exaggerate, for she affects great frankness and I am sure you will have an opportunity of judging of her. You do not dream of marriage, Francis, and thereby save yourself much *ennui* and trouble."

"I! I marry!" exclaimed Dramond, who, during the dialogue had opened his bag in order to change his dress. I marry—fy! Matrimony is a harbor, and I love the sea. You marry and you do wisely; your fleshiness coming and your hair going announce that your conjugal hour has struck; but for me, I am yet in the bloom of youth."

"Ah! what a beautiful rose!" exclaimed Teissier tittering.*

At that moment, Dramond having drawn a coat from his bag, a yellow and withered rose fell from one of its pockets upon the carpet. The young man picked it up and regarded it for a moment with curious attention.

"You speak of flowers," said he, "and here is one which I did not know was about me, and which seems intended expressly to recall to my mind how silly it would be in me to think of marriage. Do you see Aristides, however light-headed I may seem, I have common sense. Once married I intend to love my wife to make her happy, and ever to be faithful to her. But to hazard such a difficult undertaking, I wish to be sure of myself and above all it seems necessary to drink dry the cup of the bachelor, for fear of experiencing a temptation to return and drink from it again. I should not complain in finding dregs at the bottom, for that would give delicious flavor to the conjugal nectar."

* The yellow rose in France is the emblem of the greatest misfortune that can happen to a husband or swain—the infidelity of the fair one.

"What has all that to do with this vile rose, which undoubtedly you have stolen from the bonnet of some old woman of sixty years."

"Vile rose!" repeated Francis smelling the flower with apparent unconcern. "It has had, like those of which Malherbe speaks, its morning of life and beauty. Now it is withered and faded; but in default of perfume, it exhales for me an odor that I may call philosophical. It brings to mind the recollection of my weakness. From its contemplation I draw a lesson full of wisdom and morality. In a word do you know what it tells me?"

"Am I a fool?" asked Aristides, indignantly.

"It tells me, my dear Aristides; 'Do not marry yet;' but that is too long a story to tell, and besides I do not wish to reverse the order of things between you and me. I am come here to be your confidant and groomsman—your faithful Pythias. To you, then, be the privilege of narrating and describing, and of being as much of a lunatic as becomes a lover. Do you see, I am armed with the patience of Job. So, do not be bashful; come, you have not told me yet whether Mlle. Celestine has blue eyes or black."

"No, no; tell me your story; it will perhaps drive away my sad thoughts. M. Simart has not yet gone into the house, and Celestine is promenading with her cousin, so you will have time enough to relate it before dinner."

"Be it so," said Dramond, still continuing to change his traveling dress for a more elegant one. "About two months ago, Beyrand, who you are acquainted with, Merville, and some other good fellows and myself, took it into our heads to go and amuse ourselves at an Opera Ball. Mark this—to amuse ourselves at an Opera Ball. To have formed such a plan presupposes that we were—drunk—and so we were! When I say drunk, do not mistake me, I do not mean the brutal, degrading drunkenness of the inebriate; but that boisterous exultation and turbulent merriment into which a few bottles of champagne will sometimes plunge half a dozen youths in perfect physical health."

"In this condition we entered the opera with high heads and loud words, sparkling eyes and colored cheeks, bowing lowly to men, and rendering the most exquisitely polite homage to women; in a word we were all seeking an adventure with the eagerness of the wolf in the fable; but were less excusable than he, for he was fasting. You must know, moreover, that contrary to the usages of the place several of us had been pleased to make 'mustaches' of burned cork, and Merville and myself added to our mustaches, each a false nose, which rendered us horribly grotesque. People took us I suppose for tailors on a spree, which made nobody particularly anxious to get into a quarrel with us, and allowed full career to our impudent gayety."

"For myself I was soon weary of my pleasure. As much ashamed of my nose as the prince in the fairy tale, who was obliged to roll his own upon a wheel barrow; but not daring to take it off, for fear of being recognized, I mounted one of the corridors and played the part of the spy, applying my face successively to each small window in the doors of the boxes. I continued from tier to tier this rather mean occupation, and finished by stopping at a door in the third tier. Two women were seated within dressed in black

dominoes and so exactly alike in this respect, that to distinguish one from the other, it was necessary to interrogate a sign that they had adopted, probably with the intention of intriguing in some manner. The one wore an emerald ring over her glove, and the other held in her hand a yellow rose."

"That very rose! I can guess the remainder," interrupted Teissier.

"You can guess nothing about it. Two women together are rarely very interesting, and especially at a masquerade. I was weary of standing and the occasion appeared excellent to seat myself; besides the door was partly open and seemed to bid me enter. At the noise I made in opening it wider, the black dominoes turned their heads, and one of them slightly screamed, which appeared to me nothing more than a provocation to seat myself, which I calmly did, and commenced a conversation displaying all my amiability and wit, the success of which was not long uncertain. At first silent and apparently frightened, the two women became by degrees reassured, and after having whispered together and laughed at my foolish sallies, they began to reply, and the conversation became very interesting. The domino of the yellow rose particularly took part in it, with a vivacity which I should have taken for ingenuousness any where else than at a masquerade. More reserved, perhaps because she was older, her companion whispered from time to time in her ear, begging her to moderate her gayety. Both of them, however, at length gave me to understand that my further conversation could easily be dispensed with, and showed signs of evident inquietude; looking out upon the saloon with much uneasiness."

"Between two masks the choice is difficult; mine, however, was made, determined as I was that this adventure should have a *dénouement*. The lady who had taken for her emblem a rose, exhaled, herself, a perfume so exquisite; her laugh was so free; her voice so sweet, her gestures so quick and her wit so lively, that it appeared to me impossible that she should be otherwise than beautiful. Without further information I gave her my heart for the night, and began on the contrary to detest her companion, who, in spite of her elegant form, appeared like an old governess. The gods love an odd number; lovers hate it; and for myself, I was more loving than divine, and in my heart cursed the companion of my black domino, of whom I knew not how to free myself—when suddenly a blow of the fist, which nearly broke down the door, caused my neighbors to tremble."

"Ho! there! open to us!" said a voice, at the same instant, which resembled the mewling of a cat.

"I turned and saw the face of my friend Merville, whose frightful false nose threatened to enter through the window."

"Do not open the door," said the women.

"I would have obeyed, had not the thought at the same instant crossed my mind, that one and three make four—and that when three are four, there are but two—and I detested an odd number."

"So I opened to him whom I supposed my ally, but I soon had cause to repent of my folly, for since I had left him, the unfortunate Merville had completed his drunkenness, and at that mo-

ment he was not capable of listening to, or speaking a distinct sentence. Knowing his brutality under such circumstances, I foresaw a most disagreeable scene, which it was now too late to avoid. Without noticing my signs or gestures, Merville let himself fall upon a vacant chair, laughed an instant, with an air half insolent, half savage, and breathing heavily and vulgarly, commenced a soliloquy of so offensive a character that the two dominoes immediately arose.

"Open the door, Monsieur," said they both at the same time in a voice affected by fright and anger. I turned to obey, for I never lacked respect for women, even during the time of the carnival.

"Are you a fool?" brawled Merville. "From what convent have these two princesses come? If they are ugly, let them go—but if they are handsome, hold, I say—I must feast upon their beauty—I die of hunger and thirst—so my angels down with your masks."

"He now began to add gestures to his words, but with one hand I held him down, and with the other I opened the door, towards which the two dominoes precipitated themselves like frightened deer. Furious at this, the drunken Merville raised himself by a desperate effort, and plunging towards the fugitives, by chance or intention, I know not which, his hand fell upon the mask of one of them, and instantly snatched it from her face without regard for the polite maxims laid down in *Lucrece Borgia*. The domino of the yellow rose, for it was her that was insulted, turned around quickly, and I was dazzled at the sight of a face sparkling with beauty, with youth and anger, whose eye, as black as the capuchin that hung from her shoulders, seemed to flash the very fire of indignation. My contemplation was short, however, for to snatch the mask from Merville, apply a smart blow upon his cheek, spring from the box and slam the door behind her, was but the work of an instant for the beautiful domino.

"Thirty-six thousand stars!—a blow!—my best friend!—a duel—a fight till death—a blow!" bawled Merville, falling back into his chair in spite of himself.

"Without staying to listen to the incoherent exclamations of my companion, whose merited correction had completed the confusion of his ideas, I escaped into the corridor. The beautiful *unmasked* had disappeared. This rose, which I found upon the stairs, and which I picked up as I ran, first put me upon their track, but the crowd of dominoes that filled the passage of the entry to the grand saloon rendered a further pursuit useless; however, for two hours I sought them, but at length getting fatigued, I left the hall, and without troubling myself about my friends, went home with my mind as much occupied with the charming face I had glimpsed at, as if it had been my first adventure at a masquerade.

"Sometime in the afternoon of the next day Beyrand entered my chamber.

"Are you disposed to hear me?" said he in a grave tone.

"What have you to say?" I asked.

"Have you forgotten then what passed last night?"

"No; for I was thinking of it when you en-

tered. That little woman had the most beautiful eyes I ever saw."

"I have nothing to do with that, but the blow you struck Merville."

"At this I laughed heartily.

"I see nothing in this matter that is laughable; a blow is a blow even when wine can be given as an excuse. You know very well that Merville, notwithstanding his friendship for you, is not the man to receive it and be silent; he considers a duel inevitable, and I come here in his name. It is with deep regret that I acquit myself of this duty, and under any other circumstances I should play the part of mediator, but you must know that all accommodation is impossible. I did not think you quarrelsome when in wine; was you mad then? Poor Leon's cheek is dreadfully swollen."

"I laughed again, and then related the adventure exactly as it had occurred, correcting the strange error that the hallucinations of my friend had led him into. Beyrand entered into the spirit of the joke, and we proceeded together to the apartments of Merville, not doubting but that we could reconcile him to his misadventure, and displace his anger by our laughter. We found him seated in an arm chair in one corner of the fire place, stirring and poking the half burnt fuel as if he would vent his spite on that; a pair of pistols and two swords were lying upon his bureau, announcing his bloody resolution, which was sufficiently manifested by the savage look with which he greeted me.

"Why have you not brought a friend with you?" said he sternly. I undertook to explain, but he refused to listen; then Beyrand attempted to speak, but saw himself in his turn obliged to hold his peace.

"You would have me believe that I have dreamed," cried Merville, with the fierceness of a tiger. "Do you take me to be a child? There were two women in the box at the time it is true; that I snatched the mask from one of them is also true! thus you see I have a distinct memory of all, and I know that the blow I received was from Dramond—I owe it to him, and it is to him that I shall return it, although he now seeks to have it placed to the credit of the black domino. I know what a woman's blow is; it sounds, but it wounds not, while this came near taking off my left ear and horribly bruised my face. Nothing but a man's hand could have struck with such force, and as there was no other man in the box but Dramond, it must have been him that struck me. Is it not plain? Now you tell me that we had drunk too much—that we were intoxicated—and that we are friends—so much the worse. Neither can friendship or intoxication excuse such an insult. Your blood must wash my cheek—so no more words—here are arms—go and get Beauregard or Percy and a coach, and away to the woods of Boulonge!"

"After essaying for half an hour to make the enraged man hear to reason, my patience was exhausted.

"To the woods of Boulonge be it then!" I cried in my turn. "Last night your insolence was chastised, and now I take upon myself the task of chastising your folly. You wish to make me responsible for the blow you received, and I assume that responsibility the more readily, be-

cause I believe you received no more than you merited. Come, come, and wash your swollen cheeks."

"This absurd quarrel terminated in a duel, which took place the same day; the result of which you know. Merville yet wears his arm in a sling, and his wound has brought him to his senses. He is now convinced that the sword wound he compelled me to give him was masculine, the blow was to the contrary, entirely feminine; we are again friends, but he has sworn never again to go to the Opera with me."

"And the domino of the yellow rose?" asked Teissier, who endeavored to take much interest in the narrative of his friend, that he might drive away his own harrowing thoughts concerning his marriage.

"I have not seen her since," replied the narrator, "though for at least three weeks, I have walked all the public places in the hope of meeting her."

"And do you love her?"

"Love her? yes, as much as one can love a woman under such circumstances."

"And you know not who she is?"

"A dancer or an actress I should have thought, had not her extreme youth and bloom rendered that supposition impossible. Rouge never touched her rosy cheek, I am certain."

"She is then an angel," said Teissier, in a tone of raillery.

"A little fallen from all appearance. Two women alone at an Opera ball are justly liable to suspicion. I fear much, lest that angel may be one of those charming beings, whose whole fortune consists of their beauty, and who place their capital upon the great book of public depravity and immorality. This would be shocking—she is so young and beautiful. What a horrible abyss for virtue is Paris! But, whoever she may be, or whatever may be her fortune, it would be impossible for me to imagine a creature more splendid and lovely. The image of her face as she stood unmasked, is constantly before me. Oh, could I paint! Imagine a face—a perfect type of Italian beauty, lighted up by anger, and as radiant as a summer's morn; the hair of the creole; the Virgin's forehead, and the mouth of a child, permitting a glimpse at a splendid row of pearls. Upon her cheeks were the flowers of spring, and in her eyes the glance of the lion."

"You have given a good portrait of Mlle. Celestine," said Teissier; "she has sometimes the eye of a lion."

"Then she must be beautiful; but for your sake, I hope the resemblance extends no farther than the body."

"You calumniate perhaps your fair unknown; after all she may be virtuous. The manner in which she treated Merville seems to confirm it."

"Virtuous!" said Francis, laughing; "what does a blow prove?"

The dinner bell interrupted the conversation of the two friends; they descended together to the dining room, where they found the master of the house, to whom Dramond was presented in his quality of groomsman for the approaching wedding. The future father-in-law of Aristides Teissier was a fleshy little man, with a good natured countenance, the color of which proclaimed his perfect health and his devotion for the bottle. He appeared before his guests in the simple

apparel of a country gentleman, who had for a long time been familiar with Parisian etiquette. A frock coat of a color and quality equally doubtful, composed the principal part of his dress, which was completed by a pair of nankin pantaloons, and one of those country caps which seem to have been modelled after the fashion of a *Strasbourg* pie. M. Simart had formerly been a merchant, but several years previous had retired from business. He had upon all occasions proved himself a good citizen; but like a great many others he had his peculiarities. M. Simart was very fond of "talking politics," and also of making his "civil rights" a theme of conversation. He retired early and rose late, he detested the aristocracy, reviled the priests and never went to mass; related the most frightful stories concerning the dungeons of the Bastille; was affected by the remembrance of Lafayette, and wept over the fate of Poland; anathematized the Emperor Nicholas, called him a ferocious autocrat and read the romances of *Paul-de-Kock*. As the head of a family he was the best man in the world. The ex-merchant had passed a portion of his life in obeying his wife, and at her death he placed the reins of domestic empire into the hands of Celestine, whose most obedient slave he was, notwithstanding several slight attempts at insubordination; the ordinary results of which were a more humble submission to her caprices.

"What do you think of my father-in-law?" asked Teissier of his friend, while M. Simart was conversing with another guest—a man of forty years, tall, lean, and half bald.

"Ah, fine, indeed!—all that is desirable in a father-in-law—but look—"

A door at this moment opened, and three women entered the room. Drarnond glanced at the first, who was rather old, dwelt a moment upon the second, a handsome *blonde* of five and twenty years; but he almost immediately fixed his eyes upon the third and last, who indeed well merited exclusive attention, even though it might not have been easy to have recognized in her the future bride. She was young, and so blooming, and sprightly, and childlike, that one was prompted to ask her after the health of her doll. Her features, at once regular and delicate, united to the fervent simplicity of the Roman type an expression of coquetry, of which the statues of Conston and Pradier afford beautiful models. The beauty of her eyes, thus to speak, was double. Their large and black pupils seemed raising a perpetual storm, whose lightnings at times gleamed fiercely—and yet without in the least clouding the transparency of their azure and limpid globes. This medley of excitement and serenity, this focus of passion encircled by a halo of innocence, gave the glances of Celestine a power that few could meet unmoved. Dressed in a fine rose robe which seemed to reflect the carnation from her cheeks; lively and graceful in all her movements, as little women seldom are, the beautiful girl advanced, gliding over the floor almost as rapidly as if she had been dancing, responded to the salutations of the gentlemen by a slight inclination of the head, and without looking for an instant at her future husband, or the stranger, who bowed to her, she seated herself at the table with all the grace and self-possession of an experienced matron. With one little white hand she uncovered a tureen of soup, from which

escaped an odoriferous vapor, and with the other rang with energy a little silver bell, the sound of which immediately brought Nicholas to the door.

All the guests were now seated except Drarnond, who remained standing, motionless, his eyes fixed and his mouth half open.

"Monsieur, will you seat yourself by my daughter?" said for the second time the kind host.

The young man mechanically bowed, but said nothing, nor stirred a step.

"Even though you may have dined once, I pray you be seated," continued the host with a hospitable persecution, "one may easily eat two dinners."

Francis smiled with a perplexed air, as if about to accede to the proposition, but neither spoke nor moved. All eyes were fixed upon him, and Celestine, who was doing the honors of the table, stopped a moment to contemplate the young man whom her sight had thus petrified. But the face of Mlle. Simart expressed nothing but curiosity with a shade of ridicule, particularly to the ladies.

"Truly this gentleman does not wish me for a neighbor," said she, in a whisper to the handsome *blonde* seated nearly opposite her.

"What is the matter?" said Teissier in his turn, who had attributed the inexplicable behavior of his friend to a sudden indisposition.

"I beg a thousand pardons," said Drarnond at length, starting from his stupor, "sometimes I have the most ridiculous absence of mind."

"Perhaps you were occupied with your recollections," said the handsome *blonde* of twenty-five, with the compassionate irony which is usually excited in women, at the sight of a handsome young man thus dreaming.

Drarnond at length seated himself; he glanced at the amiable jeerer who at this moment carried a glass to her mouth. This action caused an emerald ring on her finger, to sparkle in the light, at which Drarnond gave such an involuntary start, that he overturned upon the table part of the liquid contained in his plate. To avoid the spattering, Celestine sprang back with her chair as quick as thought, and casting a glance over her dress, and assured of its rescue from the soup, gave way to the laughter that even if she had wished to, she could no longer restrain.

Francis regarded her for a moment with a serious and scrutinizing air, then turning towards the handsome *blonde*, and fixing on her his large black eyes, he gazed intently, as if he wished to fascinate her very soul.

"Recollections! yes, madame," said he, gravely, "it may be so."

The young woman was for a moment as much amazed as if he had spoken to her in Greek or Arabic.

"I do not comprehend you," said she, at length, smiling, but without betraying the least emotion.

"And you, Mademoiselle, do you comprehend me?" said he to Celestine in a tone or voice almost ironical.

Celestine opened her eyes to their fullest width.

"If it is an enigma, monsieur, address yourself to my father; he can solve it more easily than I can," replied she, fully persuaded that Drarnond was somewhat deranged in his mind.

"An enigma! let us hear it," said M. Simart, whose ears seemed to rise at the word like those of a horse at the sound of a trumpet.

"After dinner, if you please," said Drarnond, his face still preserving its air of mystery.

"On my word he is a fool!" thought Teissier, bowing his face almost to his plate from shame at the strange conduct of his friend; and under the table he touched him with his foot, as if he would recal him to his senses.

At this Francis smiled—"Simpleton," said he to himself, "I am your lucky star. They do not recognise me, but I do them, and this time it is I that will pull off the mask! My paste board nose, I thank thee, for thou hast given me over these women the power that a magician receives from his talisman. *Age quod agis*, we are at the table, so let us eat. But I will prepare for the desert a scene more dramatic than an enigma, for my conscience will not permit me to suffer poor Aristides to marry a frequenter of Opera balls!"

[To be Continued.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

THE MOTHER'S PRAYER.

HARK! a voice steals through the silent air, and falls in soft, inspiring notes upon my ear. Is it the voice of muses, beckoning us away to some fair land? Lo! a mother kneels towards Calvary's towering heights; her eye beams with celestial birth; and with a thoughtful, confiding gaze, she seals the errand of her mission before the Saviour of the world. Oh! hour of bliss! oh! sacred morn that is kindled with a smile thy Maker wakes. Thou hast borne upon thy pinions a mother's prayer—a memorial of that which shall never die.

Has waking morn alone a message from the altar of devotion? Night unto night also declareth it, and the starry midnight whispereth it in deep and mournful cadence. Where has not a mother's prayer arisen, and who has not gazed upon her smiles and tears with an overflowing heart? While her little hope is yet young her soul is filled with holy rapture. Yes, from one voiceless prayer has ebbed an ocean of fathomless bliss. Who can prize the gems that lie buried in that ocean of love? Who can plunge into those coral caves, and grasp the beauties that are there concealed? Who but the pious mother can entwine a garland of never fading flowers from the groves of this fair Elysium.

When a son, a prodigal son wanders from the green fields of his nativity, to find in vice, dreams of pleasure! how do the mother's holy aspirations twine around him, even as the ivy twines around the fallen oak. In imagination they fall upon his ear, when he revels at midnight's darkest hour, so heavenly that they vie with the most melodious music. Would he strive in sleep to drown this still small voice, there does the thrilling sound pierce his very soul. Does he quaff the intoxicating cup, that he may forget his shame—there vibrates on his ear a prayer fraught with no momentary romance. A mother's image fades not from his vision: death and death alone knows a victory. Shall those prayers which have long since rested in paradise, melt away and be forgotten? No! when the sainted mother shall re-

pose with all the holy dead, then shall the angel's clarion-like voice, steal its way with that mother's form, and bend in prayer over the idol of her heart.

Though perchance many years have flown to the spirit's realm—though fortune command us to some fair land—though we mingle with all the enchanting scenes which sceptered cities, art or nature pencil, to rouse the fine emotions of the mind, or our homes be the cradle of the diamond wave—these, all these hold not an undiscovered spell, over aught so pure, so unlike a thing of earth as a mother's fervent prayer. Who would and who could ever anticipate that aught which bloomed so lovely round an early home, would not survive, even the garland of fame which entwines the sons of Genius.

Although the prodigal may pass through grades of crime too revolting for description, yet in his deepest degradation he will never, no, never be able utterly to obliterate from his conscience the dying prayers of a pious mother, or to recall them without emotion. True the seed may be sown and long retained in an uncongenial soil, yet after many long years it shall be quickened to bear fruit. It is impossible to define the limits of a mother's influence. Many have acknowledged that nothing among the punishments of man or the precepts of God, has ever made them feel serious, except when enforced by a mother's entreaties. Think you, that young man will ever forget the hour when a mother with a dying breath besought him so to take care of his soul, as to meet her in Heaven? Can he forget when death with ruthless haste bound the silken fringes of her eyelids forever—when the "signet ring" of Heaven, a smile, was given her—when the light of her laughing eye went out, and no music is heard around the desolate hearth, save the requiem of departed joys? No, never. None can tell the strength of impressions made ere the mind is perverted, or how far the same agency may check the career of guilt, or silently, and steadfastly operate upon the heart.

Among the countless testimonies that now stand to endure us to venerate the maternal teachings, one more fully than all others confirms the fact of the almost unlimited extent of a mother's influence.

"Tissaid of a wayward young man that ere his tongue had scarcely lisped a mother's name, she was accustomed to place her hand upon his head and pray in soft, sweet pensiveness, while the tears unbidden gushed from her enraptured eyes and a kiss was imprinted upon his youthful cheek—a token of a mother's changeless love. These were not as a plant in some lone desert when erst a flower bloomed not and the songs of birds lent no enchantment. To their touch he yielded, and the spirit of the departed admonished and strove not in vain, to scatter radiance about the pathway of life. The expanded buds of innocence were yet destined to beautify the earth and to rise in splendour till they should bloom anew in the golden light of Eternity. In old age he said to some children 'a hand is upon me—upon my few hoary locks, the same hand that used to rest in prayer among the fresh sunny curls of my infancy; and if I am ever saved it will be by that mother's hand and my Redeemer's mercy.'"

When the darkened sun shall descend from its triumphal car—when the light of the moon

shall be quenched in blood—and when the stars, with an evening meteor's flight, shall be thrust from their glittering thrones to other worlds and fairer skies than ours, then shall it be known that the seal which a mother stamps has resisted the mutations or time.

Chatham, March 15, 1843.

HARRIET.

BIOGRAPHY.



JOHN WOLCOTT.

JOHN WOLCOTT, a poet, better known by the name of Peter Pindar, was born, in 1738, at Dodbrook, in Devonshire; was educated at private seminaries; and was apprenticed to his uncle, an apothecary at Truro, who ultimately left him the bulk of his property. Having taken a degree, he accompanied Sir William Trelawney to the government of Jamaica, as physician. While residing in that island he took orders, and was presented to a living. On his return to England he settled at Truro, whence he removed to Helstone. It was while he was living in Cornwall that he drew from obscurity the painter Opie; and in 1780 he went with him to settle in London. Wolcott's first publication, *An Epistle to the Reviewers*, appeared in 1778. After his arrival in the metropolis, his productions rapidly succeeded each other, and were highly popular. Among his most finished works are, *Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians*; and *The Lousiad*. In the decline of life he became blind, and he died January 14, 1819. His works from five octavo volumes. Wolcott also possessed considerable talents in drawing and music.

THOMAS NELSON, JUN.

THOMAS NELSON was born at York, in Virginia, on the 26th of December, 1738. At the age of fourteen, he was sent to England, and placed at a private school in the neighborhood of London. He was afterward removed to the University of Cambridge, where he enjoyed the instruction of the eminent Doctor Porteous, subsequently Bishop of London. About the close of 1761, he returned to his native country, and, in the following year, married the daughter of Philip Grymes, Esq. of Brandon. His ample fortune enabled him to indulge his spirit of hospitality to its full extent, and to live in a style of unusual elegance.

It is not determined with certainty at what period the political career of Mr. Nelson commenced. He was a member of the House of Burgesses in 1774, and during the same year was deputed to the first General Convention of the province, which met at Williamsburg on the 1st of August. The next year he was again returned a member to the General Convention, and introduced a resolution for organizing a military force in the province.

In July, 1775, Mr. Nelson was appointed a

delegate from Virginia to the General Congress about to assemble at Philadelphia. He retained his seat in this body until 1777. In May of that year, he was obliged to resign all serious occupation, in consequence of a disease in the head. When relieved from this malady, his energies were again called into action, and he was appointed Brigadier General and Commander in Chief of the forces of the commonwealth. In this office, he rendered the most important service to his country, and in times of emergency he often advanced money, to carry forward the military operations. In 1779, he was again chosen to Congress; but a close application to business produced a recurrence of his former complaint, and he was again compelled to return home.

Soon after his recovery, General Nelson entered with animation into several military expeditions against the British, who, at that time, were making the Southern States the chief theatre of war. It was owing to his measures that the army was kept together, until the capture of Yorktown terminated the war. For this service, Governor Nelson had the pleasure of receiving the acknowledgments of Washington, who, in his general orders of the 20th of October, 1781, thus spoke of him: "The General would be guilty of the highest ingratitude, a crime of which he hopes he shall never be accused, if he forgot to return his sincere acknowledgements to his Excellency Governor Nelson, for the succors which he received from him, and the militia under his command, to whose activity, emulation, and bravery, the highest praises are due."

A month subsequent to the surrender of Lord Cornwallis, Governor Nelson resigned his station, in consequence of ill health, and immediately afterwards was accused by his enemies, of having transcended his powers, in acting without the consent of his council: but he was honorably acquitted by the Legislature, before whom the charge was preferred. He died on the 4th of January, 1789, just after he had completed his fiftieth year.

MISCELLANY.

GLORIOUS UNCERTAINTY OF THE LAW.

In a certain town in Normandy, the authorities (for divers good reasons thereunto moving) thought proper to issue a proclamation to the effect that none of the worthy inhabitants under a severe penalty, should stir about after sunset without a lantern. Well, it chanced in the very same evening, a man was seized and incontinently taken before the dispenser of justice, to be dealt with according to law.

"I am exceedingly sorry," said the chief officer, recognising the individual, "that a citizen of your respectability and station should be the first to infringe the new regulations."

"I would not willingly do so," said the man, coolly.

"Have you not read it?"

"Certainly," said the captured party, "but many have unfortunately misunderstood it.—Will Monsieur oblige me by reading it, that I may learn of what I am guilty?"

The officer graciously complied, and after glibly running over the verbose preamble, came to the point "that no inhabitant shall stir abroad after sunset without a lantern," which he cel-

tainly delivered with peculiar emphasis, to the admiration of the fellow who had taken the man into custody, and was twirling his fingers, impatient to receive his moiety of the fine.

"I have a lantern, Monsieur," firmly contended the man, holding it up to view.

"Yes, but there is no candle in it," replied the officer with a smile.

"The proclamation does not mean a *candle*, I believe, Monsieur," replied the cunning fellow, most respectfully.

"A candle?—but of course—" began the informer, trembling lest he should lose the fish he had hooked.

"It does not mention a candle; and I contend Monsieur, I have not infringed the law," persisted the quibbler. "The words are—without a lantern—and here it is."

"Hem!" cried the officer, endeavoring to conceal the confusion occasioned by his defeat, by poring over the copy of the proclamation. "I must confess there is an omission, and I am happy to give you the benefit of it. The case is dismissed."

The informer was not only defeated, but rather alarmed, when the prisoner called to mind a certain act which rendered him, the aforesaid informant, liable to heavy damages for false imprisonment, &c. and the poor fellow was fain to avert the infliction of an action of law by disbursing a certain sum in hard cash to the accused.

But lo! on the next evening he again encountered his "dear acquaintance," and to his infinite delight, he beheld the same unilluminated lantern in his hand; but an amended proclamation had been issued that morning with the words, "that no inhabitant should stir without a lantern and a candle therein."

The informer chuckled at the ignorance of the man who had so coolly victimised him on the preceeding night, and with a heart beating with a desire of revenge, and with a certain project of the restitution of the mulet which he had suffered, he, with a sneering politeness, requested the honor of his company to the justice room.

"Really, it is impossible to resist the amiable importunities of a gentleman who pays such delicate compliments, and—such good coin?" replied the man; and away he walked, chatting good-humoredly and joking with his belighted captor.

"What again?" cried the officer.

"I hope Monsieur will do me the honor to remember that my former appearance was not only against my inclination but against the law," said the prisoner.

"Really these proceedings are very vexatious, and—"

"Have you read the proclamation?" interrupted the officer.

"Monsieur did me the favor to read it only last night—"

"I will read it again for your edification," replied the officer; and he looked furtively at the informer, who could scarcely contain himself for very joy.

The demanded proclamation was read.—The accused stood placidly smiling at the rigmarole verbiage; but when the officer read the concluding words, "that no inhabitant should stir abroad after sunset without a lantern and a candle," he started.

"Ha!" cried the informer, unable longer to restrain his feelings.

"How very, very fortunate," cried the delinquent, and quickly opening his lantern, continued, "Lo! here is a candle, how fortunate!"

"But it is not lighted!" exclaimed the informer with an uncontrollable agitation. "It is not lighted nor has it been, as the wick itself proves!"

"Lantern and candle? a lantern, a candle!" repeated the man. "I appeal to the justice of Monsieur, that there was no such a word as a *lighted* candle in any part of that respected document."

This was a clincher! The parties were completely outwitted; which to abate the fever of the informer's extraordinary excitement, the man charitably repeated the "bleeding" which he had so effectually performed on the last occasion. Of course the lawyers lost no time in "amending" the amended proclamation, and inserted *lighted* before the word "candle."

JOHN JACOB ASTOR, OF NEW-YORK.

Of all the marvellously rich old gentlemen that ever existed, and who, moreover, made their own fortunes, our American Cæsus is the least peculiar.

Old Girard was a skinflint—that sort of a fellow who would endeavor to extract gravy from paving stones. Old Rothschild, the master spirit of the house, thought so much that he seldom spoke above a dozen words a day. Old Couitts was the prince of Sir Pertinax Mac Sycophants, and added penny to penny fawning on the big wigs. Old Baring was a desperate speculator, who ventured and won every thing. But Mr. Astor is distinguished by no peculiar characteristic; in fact he is a puzzle from his simplicity, for seeing he is so near like most other men in his habits and manners, we are inclined to wonder how he could have got so far ahead of us all in making an everlasting fortune.

There are several popular errors afloat in the city as regard Mr. Astor. One is, that he keeps a mean table, and almost denies himself the necessities of life, whereas, on the contrary, his larder is a caution to epicures, and he is as fond of the good things of this life as any alderman within sound of Bow Bell. Another is, that he is a woman hater, in face of the fact that he has ever been an admirer of the sex, and perhaps a little too gallant for prudence in the days of his youth; but then his taste in female ware is not, perhaps, quite orthodox, for his heart has always yearned most towards the Dutch build—the fat, fair, and forty article—who can make sufficient of a figure in the world without the aid of a bustle, and take up plenty of room in her shoe leather. A third is, that he made a present of the Astor House, value four hundred thousand dollars, or so, to his son Bill, by way of a New Year's gift, when we can vouch for the fact that the leases, even to that of the smallest of the stores thereunto appertaining, continue to be carefully made out in his own name. And fiery enough will old John be, too, if the tenants don't pay up at quarter day; though, to do him justice, he does not put the screws on very tight, and is any thing but a hard landlord.

Mr. Astor is now at the wrong side of eighty, and naturally begins to feel the hand of time press heavily on his constitution; but still he enjoys himself, cracks his joke, empties his bottle—for though no inebriate, he is far from being

a teetotaller—smokes his meerschaum, and interests himself in the rise and decline of stocks. In fact though old, there is nothing of the dotage, the second childhood of old age about him; his mind, on the contrary, is as sound as a bell, and his head as clear as when he used to be shovelling in Spanish dollars by the ship load.

Mr. Astor says that it cost him more labor and genius to make his first thousand dollars, than all the millions that followed; and that now, were he a young man, he would rather undertake, at the hazard of losing his life, the task of making a hundred thousand dollars on the foundation of one thousand, than 1000 out of nothing.

KOSCIUSKO IN AMERICA.

Kosciusko reached the new world unprovided with letters of recommendation or introduction, and nearly penniless. He, however, asked an audience with Washington, to whom he had boldly presented himself.

"What do you seek here?" inquired the General, with his accustomed brevity. "I come to fight as a volunteer for American Independence," was the equally brief and fearless reply. "What can you do?" was Washington's next question: to which Kosciusko, with his characteristic simplicity, only rejoined, "Try me." This was done. Occasion soon offered in which his talents, science, and valor were evinced, and above all, his great character was appreciated. He was speedily made an officer, and further distinguished himself.

He had not been long in America, when he had occasion to display his undaunted courage as captain of a company of volunteers. Generals Wayne and Lafayette, notwithstanding the heat of the battle in which they themselves were fully engaged, observed with satisfaction the exertions of a company which advanced beyond all the rest, and made its attack in the best order.

"Who led the first company?" asked Lafayette of his comrades, on the evening of that memorable day.

The answer was, "It was a young Pole, of noble birth, but very poor; his name, if I am not mistaken, is Kosciusko." The sound of this unusual name, which he could hardly pronounce, filled the French hero with so eager a desire for the brave stranger's acquaintance, that he ordered his horse to be immediately saddled, and rode to the village, about a couple of miles off, where the volunteers were quartered for the night.

Who shall describe the pleasure of the one or the surprise of the other, when the General entering the tent, saw the Captain, covered from head to foot with blood, dust, and sweat, seated at a table, his head resting upon his hand, a map of the country spread out before him, and a pen and ink by his side. A cordial grasp of the hand imparted to the modest hero his commander's satisfaction, and the object of a visit paid at so unusual an hour.—*Foreign Review*.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.

We know not when we have perused a more touching and beautiful story than the following from the Hartford Courant:

It was but yesterday that a friend—a young gentleman, of fine intellect, of a noble heart and one well known to many of our readers, was suddenly snatched by the hand of death from all

the endearments of life. Surrounded by every thing that could make existence pleasant and happy; a wife that idolized him; children that loved him as they only can love, and friends devoted to him, the summons come, and he lay upon the bed of death. But a few short years ago, she to whom he was wedded, placed a bridal ring upon his finger, upon the inside of which he had a few words privately engraven. The husband would never permit the giver to read them, telling her that a day would come when her wish should be gratified, and she should know the secret. Seven years glided away; and a day or two since, when conscious that he must soon leave his wife forever, he called her to his bedside, and with his dying accents told her that the hour had at last come when she should see the words upon the ring she had given him. The young mother took it from his cold finger, and though heart-stricken with grief, eagerly read the words—I HAVE LOVED THEE ON EARTH—I WILL MEET THEE IN HEAVEN.

THE DANCE OF LIFE.

"Mirth and motion prolong life."—*Abernethy.*

HUMAN life is a mere dance—the nursery a bawling room! Old maids and bachelors for want of partners, are compelled to exhibit in a *pas seul*.

Knavery practices the *shuffle*, while pride, prudence and experience are professors of the art of *cutting*. Courage teaches the "*en avant*," and discretion ("the better part of valor,") the "*en arriere*," Some are happy in their choice of "partners;" while many are doomed to go through the whole "dance" with the dowerless and disagreeable *Mis-Fortunes* and *Mis-Chances*.

The ambitious and would-be-great are continually struggling to show off in a particular "set;" but, notwithstanding the pains they take in their "steps," frequently experience the mortification of a *dos-a-dos*, when they are anxiously exerting all their efforts for a smiling "*vis-a-vis*."

These are the "ups and downs" of the "dance." The "lords of creation," (with few exceptions,) are very awkward and ungainly, while "lovely woman" is most generally perfect in the "figure."

Love is generally "master of ceremonies;" but, being rather pur blind, makes the most ridiculous mistakes in introducing "partners;" and, although avarice (who officiates in the higher circles,) is lynx eyed, he commits as many errors in "coupling" the company as his coadjutors.

Hope illumines the "festive scene," and away they bound on the "light fantastic toe"—hands across—down the middle—up again—till Time steps in and throws a damp upon their merriment—the piper stops for "want of breath," and the dance is ended.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE GIDEON LEE.

No man so thoroughly despised trickery in trade, and he used to remark, "that no trade can be sound that is not beneficial to both parties, to the buyer as well as to the seller. A man may obtain a temporary advantage by selling an article for more than its worth, but the very effect of such operations must recoil on him, in the shape of bad debt and increased risks." A person with whom he had some transactions, once boasted to him that he had gained an advantage over such a neighbor, and upon another occasion

over another neighbor, and to-day, said he, "I have obtained one over you." "Well," said Mr. Lee, that may be, but if you will promise never to enter my office again, I will give you that bundle of goat skins." The man made the promise, and took them. Fifteen years afterwards he walked into Mr. Lee's office. At the instant of seeing him, he exclaimed: "you have violated your word, pay me for the goat skins!" "Oh!" said the man, "I am quite poor, and have been very unfortunate since I saw you." "Yes," said Mr. Lee, "and you always will be poor; that miserable desire for overreaching others must ever keep you so."

RESOLUTION.—There is certainly nothing in man so potential for weal or woe as firmness of purpose. Resolution is almost omnipotent.—Sheridan was at first timid and obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Convinced of and mortified at the cause of his total failure, he said one day to a friend—"It is in me, and it shall come out." From that moment he rose and shone and triumphed in a consummate eloquence. Here was true moral courage. And it was well observed by a Heathen moralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them. Be thou bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts, for doubts are traitors. In the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us never lose sight of it in the slight instance; for it is more by a disregard of small things, than by open and flagrant offences, that men come short of excellence.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON, finding himself extremely cold one evening in winter, drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had recently been kindled. By degrees, the fire having completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rang his bell with unusual violence. His servant was not at hand at that moment, but he soon made his appearance. By this time Sir Isaac was literally roasted.—"Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" he exclaimed, in a tone of irritation very uncommon with that amiable philosopher; "remove the grate before I am burnt to death!" "And pray, master," said the servant, "might you not rather draw back your chair?" "Upon my word," said Sir Isaac, smiling, "I never thought of that."

GREAT SECRET.

"How do you do, Mrs. Tome, have you heard that story about Mrs. Ludy?"

"Why no, really, Mrs. Gab, what is it—do tell?"

"O, I promised not to tell for the world! No I must never tell on't. I'm afraid it'll git out."

"Why, I'll never tell on it as long as I live, just as true as the world, what is it, come—tell."

"Now you wont say any thing about it—will you?"

"No, I will never open my head about it—sacredly. Hope-to-die this minute."

"Well, if you believe me, Mrs. Funday told me last night that Mrs. Trot told her that her sister's husband was told by a person who saw it, that Mrs. Trouble's oldest daughter told Mrs. Nichins that she heard Mrs. Putefog tell Naomi Blute that a milliner told her that BUSTLES were going out of fashion."

BORROWING A NEWSPAPER.

"I say Jemmy, lend me your last, 'Mechanic and Farmer.'"

"Can't do it."

"Shaw! pass it over."

"I tell you I can't do it; you wouldn't lend me your new coat t'other day, you know."

"Nonsense—that's another thing—I only wanted to read it to the ladies."

"Can't come it, Jerry—I only wanted to wear your coat to go and see the ladies—Can't come it this time Jerry!"

"Well, I'll not ask you again, I know—I'll subscribe first."

"So you ought to," said Jemmy, and went on reading his paper.

Wish we had more such subscribers as Jemmy, every such one counts two.

ANOTHER VETO.—A father the other day wishing to form an alliance between his stupid lubberly son and a fine young lady of his acquaintance, sent him to her with the following note:

"Dear Madam—Allow me to present my *Bill* for your acceptance."

The lady sent the spoony back to its father with the following reply:—

"Dear sir—Your *Bill* is vetoed."

AWFUL.—A wasp-waisted dandy once went to his doctor requesting to be bled. The doctor, after considerable trouble, succeeded in drawing blood from his trembling arm, whereupon "wasp," after his fear had subsided, raised up his head and exclaimed, "Doctaw, doctaw, you be a great butcher indeed!" "Yes," said the doctor, "and I have been bleeding a great calf."

"WELL, how do you like your husband?" said a female friend to a newly married lady.

"Oh, he's a duck of a man," replied she who was enjoying the honey moon.

"A duck, eh?" said the querist, "ah! then I have been mistaken in my opinion of his species I always believed him to be a goose!"

THE TRUE GENTLEMAN.—Whoever is honest, generous, courteous, honorable and candid, is a true gentleman, whether learned or unlearned, rich or poor.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

J. T. S. Salem, N. C. \$1.00; J. E. Berne, N. Y. \$1.00; G. B. Jr. Coxackie, N. Y. \$1.00; S. A. R. Cabawba, Ala. \$1.00; J. W. F. Ionis, Mich. \$1.00; C. E. R. Richmond, Vt. \$0.25; L. F. South Walden, Vt. \$1.00; K. G. Voluntown, Ct. \$1.00; R. M. L. Ancram Lead Mines, N. Y. \$1.00; T. L. East China, N. Y. \$1.00; J. C. Pine Plains, N. Y. \$1.00; A. P. B. Sandy Hill, N. Y. \$1.00; J. B. South Trenton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. West Stockbridge, Mass. \$1.00; D. B. South Easton, N. Y. \$1.00; G. W. B. Orleans, N. Y. \$1.00.

Arrived,

At Pine Plains, Dutchess Co. by the Rev. William N. Sayre, Mr. Caleb Wolcott, to Miss Sabina Lasher of Ancram Lead Mines, Col. Co.

Died,

In this city on the 27th ult. Nancy Maria, daughter of D. D. and Catherine Keller, aged 1 year 3 months and 19 days. On the 28th ult. Deborah, wife of Zephaniah Coffin in her 72d year.

On the 1st inst. Margaret Jane Calhoun, aged 26 years. On the 2d inst. James Adrian, son of John and Ellen Alger, aged 1 year 9 months and 16 days.

At Athens, on the 23d inst. Lydia Rogers, in the 90th year of her age.

In Greene, Chenango Co. on Friday, the 10th ult. Joseph D. Monell, youngest son of Hon. Robert Monell, aged 29 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

LINES

On the death of Edward Francis, infant son of Titus and Lydia C. Boyce, who died at Washington, Dutchess Co. N. Y. on the 1st of 3d Month, 1843, aged 11 months and 21 days.

In nature's bed there grew a flower,
Which bloomed and flourished for an hour
And quickly died away—
The father's hope, the mother's joy,
Like gold it seemed without alloy,
Though destined to decay.

His blooming cheek no more shall glow—
His beauteous forehead, white as snow,
Must crumble to the dust,
And in the silent grave must lie
"Till Gabriel's trumpet shakes the sky,"
And nature yields her trust.

His parents mourn their early loss—
But though 'tis hard to bear the cross,
'Tis his eternal gain;
Then may they be prepared to say,
"The Lord he gave and took away
And blessed be his name."

Yes, lovely infant, thou art gone!
Thou now art entered on the dawn
Of an eternal day—
Thy peaceful spirit took its flight,
Far, far away to realms of light,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

Thy body lies beneath the sod—
Thy soul's ascended to thy God,
Forever there to reign,
And with a glorious crown of light,
And heavenly robes of purest white,
To sing the eternal strain—
With angels and archangels bright,
And seraphim of purest white,
To worship at the throne
Of him who called thee to the sky,
Who sent his angels from on high
To bear thee safely home.

W. D.

Arthursburg, Dutchess Co. N. Y. 1843.

For the Rural Repository.

To the bower where dwells my charmer,
Bear this casket on with thee;
Tell her I am constant ever,
Tell her it was sent by me.
Gladly will she greet the treasure
Press the casket to her lips,
Striving then a tear to smother,
Gently so her rising grief.

Speed thee now my noble beagle,
Tarry not upon thy way;
Whisper softly as she takes it,
"Faithful lover sent it thee.

"Nought from thee his love can sever
Faithful shall it ever be,
Be the casket to thee ever,
Image of his constancy."

HANNO.

April, 1843.

WHAT IS WOMAN LIKE?

As Eastern prince his peers assembled,
To ask what woman most resembled.
One said the Sun, the source of light,
Which makes all nature gay;
When woman's present all is bright,
All dull when she's away.

"Woman," cried one, "we can compare
To naught so justly as to Air;
'Tis light, indeed, and apt to fly,
But it unites the earth and sky:
So woman, at creation given,
Stood as a link 'twixt man and heaven."

"She's like a Rainbow," said a third,
"That when the elements are stirred
To strife, dissolves the storm;
Its aspect does sweet calm diffuse,
We're dazzled by its brilliant hues,
Its symmetry of form.
But who enjoys this prize? sure no man—
'Tis an illusion—so is woman."
The Prince's council thus divided,
Left the question undecided.

OMNIUM GATHERUM.

THE WIDOW'S REPLY.

Oh, let me wear the sable dress,
The widow's coif and veil,
No orange wreath my heart can bless—
No lover's tender tale.

Then ask me not again to wed,
Another name to bear,
The one I borrowed from the dead
I evermore would wear.

I do not doubt your worth, your truth,
I do not doubt your love,
But I gave my heart to him in youth,
And he bore that heart above.

'Tis true that sorrow hath passed by,
Nor left to view a trace;—
She hath not dimmed my hazel eye,
Nor channelled o'er my face.

Dark o'er my path she loved to roam,
With her pale sister-care—
Within my heart she made her home,
And left her foot-prints there.

'Tis true my home is lonely now,
Hushed is the voice of mirth,
Nor speaking eye, nor cheerful brow,
Meet round the glowing hearth.

But from the walls looks down a face,
That fondly seems to smile,
His features there I fondly trace,
And deem him here the while.

Then leave me in my loneliness,
Nor ask my fate to share,
The past alone my hours can bless—
I love to linger there.

Go seek a bride whose heart is free,
Nor longer woo in vain—
For she who once hath loved like me
Will never love again.

Then ask me not again to wed,
Another name to bear—
For that I borrowed from the dead,
I evermore would wear.

THE QUAKERESS BRIDE.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

O! not in the halls of the noble and proud,
Where fashion assembles her glittering crowd;
Where all is beauty and splendor and pride,
Were the nuptials performed of the meek quaker bride.

Nor yet in the temple those rites which she took,
By the altar, the mitre-crowned bishop and book;
Where oft in her jewels doth stand the fair bride,
To whisper those vows which through life shall abide.

The building was humble, yet sacred to Him
Before whom the pomp of religion is dim;

Whose presence is not to the temple confined;
But dwells with the contrite and lowly of mind.

'Twas here, all unveiled, save by modesty, stood
The Quakeress bride, in her pure satin hood;
Her charms unadorned by the garland or gem,
But fair as the lily just plucked from its stem.

A tear glistened bright in her dark shaded eye,
And her bosom half uttered a tremulous sigh,
As the hand she had pledged was confidently given;
And the low murmured accents recorded in Heaven.

I've been at the bridal where wealth spread the board,
Where the sparkling red wine in rich goblets was
poured;
Where the priest in his surplice from ritual read,
And the solemn response was impressively said.

I've seen the fond sire with his thin locks of gray,
Give the pride of his heart to the bridegroom away;
While he brushed the big tear from his deep furrowed
cheek,
And bowed the assent which his lips might not speak.

But in all the array of the costliest scene,
Naught seemed in my eyes so sincere in its mien,
No language so fully the heart to resign,
As the Quakeress bride's—"until death I am thine."
Cedar Brook, Plainfield, N. J.

Cheap Reading!!!

We have on hand some Volumes of the Rural Repository, of the First Series, of a smaller size, which we will dispose of, unbound, as follows, viz: the 3d, 5th, 6th, 8th, and 9th volumes for \$3.00. We also have a few of the 4th and 7th volumes, and those who will take the whole seven can have them for \$4.50; the 4th and 7th volumes will not be sold separately at less than \$1.00 each. All the volumes are unconnected, and all but the 3d and 4th have copper, lithographic or wood engravings in them, and contain matter as interesting as those of the present size.

The New Series, of the present size, we will dispose of, unbound, as follows, viz: the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th and 18th volumes for \$4.50. We also have a few of the 10th, 14th, and 15th volumes, and those wishing to obtain the whole eight can have them at \$1.00 each, as we have not any of them to sell separately. Those wishing only the 11th, 12th, and 13th volumes, can have them for \$2.00. The 16th, 17th and 18th volumes will not be sold separately at less than \$1.00 each, but will be put in with the present or 19th volume, if requested, at the rates stated in the prospectus of that volume, or \$2.50 for the three volumes.

Notice to Agents.

We would request all our Agents to endeavor to have Subscribers commence with the beginning of the Volume, as we have plenty of Numbers from the commencement, (June 18, 1842,) and we think it will be to their advantage as well as our own for them to commence at the beginning of the volume, and have it complete, instead of two parts which will not answer so well to bind. We have also, Vol. 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th and 18th of the present size, for sale bound and unbound, and can furnish a few complete sets from Vol. 10th to this time if wished, and also, any of the smaller Volumes but the 1st, and 2d.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

IS PUBLISHED AT HUDSON, COLUMBIA COUNTY, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Useful Recipes, Poetry, &c. It will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, every month embellished with a superior wood engraving, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum, INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. Persons remitting us \$5.00, free of postage, shall receive Six Copies; for \$8.00, Ten Copies; for \$10.00, Thirteen Copies; for \$15.00, Twenty Copies; for \$20.00, Twenty-Eight Copies, sent to any direction required for one year. In order to save the time of writing the names on papers, we will send for \$15.00, Twenty-Two Copies, and for \$20.00, Thirty Copies, for one year mailed to one address and the amount in one remittance, free of postage. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, and 18th volumes, and any one sending for the 19th volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish at the same rate.

No subscription received for less than one year. All the back numbers furnished to new subscribers during the year, until the edition is out, unless otherwise ordered.

POST MASTERS, are authorised to remit subscriptions for a paper, free of expense.